

1896. The mountain is about 2500 feet in height, and the birds stayed at the top, which is a few feet above timber line, but after the young were well grown all the Juncos formed a small flock, and frequented the tract comprising the border of the timber, rarely going more than a few rods from the timber line. — GLOVER M. ALLEN, *Newton, Mass.*

Three Birds rare in Framingham, Massachusetts. — *Hydrochelidon nigra surinamensis*. — June 20, 1889, found my brother with the writer floating in our canoe, down the Sudbury River in Wayland near the dividing line of Wayland and Sudbury. We had arrested the canoe's progress opposite a bunch of lily pads, hoping to draw a pickerel from the shady depths, when our attention was drawn towards a small dark colored bird, also fishing for some member of the finny tribe. I caught up the gun and fired but missed. Further down the river we again met the bird and at long range dropped it into the water. I had never seen the bird before, but descriptions pronounced it a Black Tern, which it proved to be; a perfect adult male in full plumage. The bird was so near the line when first seen that I enroll it in the list of our birds. Since then, I understand that Mr. C. J. Maynard, of Newtonville, Mass., secured a companion bird, possibly about ten days previous, near the same place.

*Colymbus holbœlii*. — A fine adult female of this species in perfect plumage, was brought me by a boy who said he shot it in a pond entirely surrounded by a medium growth of hardwood trees located at the westerly part of the town. It was accompanied by a second, possibly the male, which remained near by for some time, but he was unable to get a shot at it. Two young birds of this species in fall plumage were shot on the Sudbury River this last fall.

*Sylvania mitrata*. — On going out to the barn Sunday evening, Oct. 15, 1893, to do the accustomed chores, I found a small bird flying about the grain room. At first, thinking it was an English Sparrow, I paid little attention to it but a second glance in its direction, when the light from the lantern revealed the coloring of the head, I saw it was not a Sparrow. I, therefore, shut the door and an exciting chase ensued; finally the little bird dropped exhausted behind the grain barrels, and none but ornithologists in localities where the Hooded Warbler is so rare, can judge of my delight when in looking over the barrels I beheld the upturned face of this beautiful bird. I carried it into the house and gave it full possession of the birdroom. On returning from business Monday noon I found the little bird lying dead on one of the cases, probably from starvation, as the stomach was entirely empty. I judge the bird was driven from its course by the severe storm of two days previous. In plumage it is equal to any adult male in my collection taken during the months of May and June in the South. — H. D. EASTMAN, *Framingham, Mass.*

**Bibliographical Note.** — The obituarists of the late Major Bendire are in doubt or in error regarding his earliest direct or indirect contributions